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ADDRESSES

BY

EDWARD T. TUCKER, M. D.,

AND

JOHN H. DILLINGHAM

AT THE EXERCISES HELD IN THE
FRIENDS MEETING HOUSE AT SANDWICH, MASSACHUSETTS

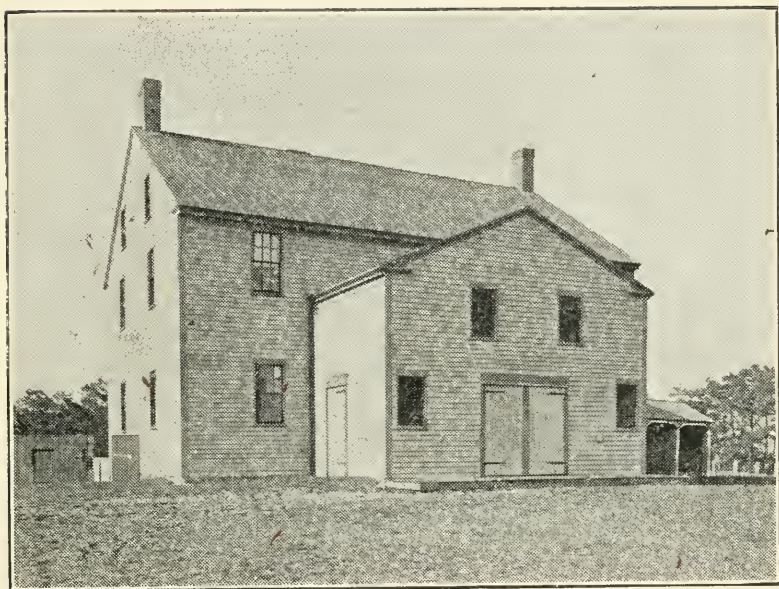
10 Mo. 10, 1907

On the 250th Anniversary of the Establishment of a Meeting of the
Society of Friends in Sandwich, the earliest meeting of
that denomination in America.

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FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE AT SANDWICH, MASS.

1907

Address by Edward T. Tucker, M. D.,

of New Bedford.

In the Seventh month, 1658, a pathetic letter issued from the jail in Boston, addressed to Margaret Fell, that remarkable woman, who was to be in coming years the wife of George Fox, the founder of the Society, of whose principles the youthful writer was at this date an earnest advocate. John Rouse, whose hand indited this letter, was ultimately to become the son-in-law of the woman by whom this epistle was received. He was the son of a wealthy sugar planter of Barbadoes, and in company with Humphrey Norton, another gospel messenger, had, at an earlier date in this year, been whipped and committed to jail at Plymouth. for a refusal to take the oath, the records of the court alluding to them as two of those called Quakers.

In the long and detailed missive, which was perused with painful interest by Margaret Fell, filled with incidents depicting the sufferings of those, who were travelling in the service of Truth upon the soil of the new world, her eye fell upon the following lines near the close, which fall also upon our ears with renewed interest on this occasion—"We have two strong places in this land, the one at Newport in Rhode Island, and the other at Sandwich; which the enemy will never get dominion over."

Nearly, if not quite, two hundred and fifty years have passed away since these lines were written, to be read again and again in subsequent time.

What led John Rouse to make this statement? Simply his appreciation of, and testimony to, the courage, faithfulness, and self-sacrifice of the families in this town of Sandwich, who adopted, upheld and defended the principles and testimonies of the new sect.

We are informed that the meeting at Sandwich arose in the year 1657. By the year following quite a proportion of the hitherto Puritan community had identified itself with "Friends." The meeting was gathered through the instrumentality of John Copeland and Christopher Holder, who were the first gospel messengers to visit the town. Report went out

shortly, that nearly the entire town was adhering to the Quakers, and thus the foundation was laid for a large and flourishing Monthly Meeting of Friends.

We are standing this afternoon upon historical ground, hallowed by precious memories, at this beautiful season of the year, when nature is lavish in her display of field and forest, hill and dale and distant ocean. The same waves murmur upon the beach, the same sea coast stretches before our sight, the blue sky, as of old, shuts in our limited vision, but the faithful few who built the foundations for the superstructure, which yet remains, are long since gone.

It was at, or near, this spot, this old Spring Hill in Sandwich, that the meeting was gathered. It is not for me to point out, or identify any particular spot, which marks the home-stead or abiding place of any of the forefathers, the original members of the meeting. I could not, if I desired, but will leave that to some native of the town, and will rather attempt to commemorate the appreciation which Sandwich Quarterly Meeting may have for the Friends, who were the prime movers in the establishment of the Monthly Meeting, a few years after the setting up of a meeting for worship.

Under the roof of William Allen were held the first meetings and John Copeland and Christopher Holder, after their first appearance, were arrested, arraigned before the court at Plymouth, and banished from the colony. Coming again in the fourth month, 1658, they were apprehended, and not feeling clear to leave, when so commanded, were transported to Barnstable, received at the latter town 33 lashes each, and were carried off in the direction of Rhode Island.

It is worthy of note that we have ample evidence for believing that several of the substantial and influential dwellers in Sandwich were becoming uneasy and dissatisfied with their relationship to their own church and its government, even before the representatives of the Society of Friends appeared within their borders. As Nicholas Upsal in Boston had been seeking a more spiritual experience and had entertained a feeling of dissatisfaction toward the Puritan rule and worship, and was thus prepared to welcome Mary Fisher and Anne Austin, the first Friends to arrive in the colonies and uphold them at his own peril, a proceeding which led to his banishment from that city, so in like manner, the people in this town of the old Plymouth Colony welcomed John Copeland and Chris-

topher Holder to their hearts and firesides, as exponents of a purer faith and a more spiritual worship.

Nicholas Upsal was in Sandwich, as a fugitive, as early as February, 1657, for in that month this aged and faithful man was complained of before the court at Plymouth, together with Richard Kirby, the wife of John Newland, and a few others, for meeting at William Allen's house on the Lord's Day, and inveighing against ministers and magistrates, to the dishonor of God and contempt of government. At this late day we well understand the character of such meetings and the utter inability of the average Puritan to comprehend them and their actual significance. The gulf between such minds as those of George Fox and Increase Mather could not be closed in a month, a decade or a half century. Witness, for instance, the sentence pronounced upon Ralph Allen in October, 1657, on the 6th of the month, nearly 250 years ago to a day, when he was ordered to find securities for his good behavior, because he had entertained divers persons at his house, and was guilty of other misdemeanors—a sentence which he refused to abide by and was hence committed to the custody of the marshal.

Peter Gaunt, Daniel Wing, Ralph Allen, Jr., and William Allen were summoned to court in the following spring for tumultuous carriage at a meeting of Quakers in Sandwich, and though the charge was not proven, the baffled magistrate was reluctant to acquit them, without an evidence of hostility, and hence fined them each 20 shillings for not removing their hats in the court room.

On June 1, 1658, Robert Harper, Ralph Allen, Jr., John Allen, Thomas Greenfield, Edw. Perry, Richard Kirby, Jr., William Allen, Thomas Ewer, Wm. Gifford, George Allen, Jr., Matthew Allen, Daniel Wing, John Jenkins, Jr., and Geo. Webb, all of Sandwich, were summoned, and gave their reasons for refusing to take the oath. At a subsequent court, the greater number of them were fined £5 each.

On October 6, 1659, Barlow, the marshal, was ordered to search the houses of William Newland and Ralph Allen, in the town, also that of Nicholas Davis in Barnstable, for papers and writings which were false and poisonous to the government.

We need not be told that the fines levied upon these faithful sufferers were not paid. We readily understand that they would undergo imprisonment, but could not consistently or conscientiously pay them.

Mary Dyer and William Leddra, who were eventually to lay down their lives at Boston, appear to have visited their brethren here, with messages of cheer and sympathy.

The latter was imprisoned, with Peter Pearson, at Plymouth, for several months in the latter part of 1659, and a portion of the year ensuing.

On October 2, 1660, Robert Harper and wife, John Newland and wife, Joseph Allen, Benjamin Allen, Wm. Allen, Wm. Gifford, Matthew Allen, the wife of Henry Dillingham, Wm. Newland and wife, Peter Gaunt, Obadiah Butler, Dorothy Butler, John Jenkins, Richard Kirby, Richard Kirby, Jr., were fined each 10 shillings, for being at Quaker meetings.

The four years, from 1657 to 1661, have been called the "dark ages" of New Plymouth, and this was true in a special sense for Friends in this section. A constable was appointed for the direct purpose to make distrains upon the goods of these conscientious sufferers, to satisfy fines levied at different terms of the court. Some of them were enormous when circumstances were considered. Thus William Allen, who was reckoned a man of good estate, was almost ruined by the rapacious collector, who seized 18 of his cattle, besides articles of furniture. Edward Perry was a great sufferer, also William Gifford, and scarcely any one bearing the name of "Friend" escaped. As an aggravating case is cited that of Thomas Johnson, a poor weaver, with a family of seven or eight children, from whom two cows, all that he had, were taken.

It was in February, 1658, during this dismal period, that William Brend and John Copeland were whipped in this town, the former receiving 10 and the latter 22 lashes, yet so cruelly was the task performed, that Edward Perry declared boldly and outspokenly before the spectators and in the hearing of the magistrates, that he was there as an eye witness of the sufferings of the people of the Lord. In the following summer John Copeland and Christopher Holder were whipped at Barnstable, and in the same year John Rouse and Humphrey Norton were treated to 15 lashes each at Sandwich, in a manner which Geo. Bishop, the historian, stated drew "store of blood."

In the absence of records much detailed information as to the early years of the Sandwich meeting has failed of transmission to our day, and yet how much we long to know that is wrapped in oblivion. Among the first messengers from the old world, who came hither after Friends had arisen and become

a separate people, was John Burnyeat, who visited the flock in 1666 and again in 1672, having a few days before his second coming been a companion of George Fox, whom he left at Rhode Island. While Geo. Fox was in New England, Newport and Providence were especially favored by his presence, and one regrets today that no opportunity presented for him to visit Sandwich if only for a brief period. What a privilege this would have been to the Friends of this place! He might have recorded in his excellent journal what we could read today with interest.

We are not informed as to the exact time when the Monthly Meeting was organized, or when the first meeting house was built. The written records appear soon after 1670 and the number of members is conjectural. Bowden, the historian, speaks of eighteen families as identified with Friends in 1658, and we may assume a steady increase in years following at the present spot and at Falmouth and Yarmouth, which were included in the Monthly Meeting. Yet, in its best days, it never attained to the size of the Monthly Meetings at the westward, as Dartmouth and Rhode Island. There was the difference between the chilling influence of the Plymouth colony and the hospitable atmosphere of the Rhode Island colony, whose activities centered at Newport.

Sandwich Monthly Meeting has coped with many obstacles and experienced many discouragements. Emigration has depleted its numbers continually. The descendants of Lodowick Hoxie, Thomas Ewer, Deborah Wing, William Gifford and others of the pioneers are scattered far and wide. Many names have disappeared. The Kirbys and Allens eventually located in Dartmouth; the Giffords are found in greater numbers in New Bedford and nearby towns than here. The Perrys have disappeared and Rhode Island is the state of their abode. The Wings are numerous elsewhere. The name of Ewer is becoming rare. The Hoxies are also found in Maine, as "Friends," as well as the Wings, and it is said that Sidney Monthly Meeting in that state was originally composed of new comers from Sandwich.

The first converts to the Society at Sandwich included, as the names which have been cited indicate, representatives of the best people in the town. I have no date to determine when the meetings at Falmouth and Yarmouth were established. It is interesting to note that in the latter years the Giffords and

Dillinghams have been more numerous in Falmouth than in the town where their ancestors settled, while the Hoxies, Wings and Ewers are more closely identified with Sandwich.

If we consider that John Rouse spoke with prophetic import in his hopeful remarks concerning the meeting at this place, we can take courage and feel that the end of this meeting has not yet arrived, for the problem that has confronted us has been not only the fear of the continuance of the local meeting but that of the Monthly Meeting as well.

Few people realize the importance which Sandwich and its meeting had in the estimation of the early Friends, on both sides of the water. As the first meeting in America, it was a source of interest to every travelling minister. The thoughts of Christopher Holder after his return, frequently reverted to the scenes of his toil and sufferings. John Rouse, in his social life with George Fox and Margaret Fell, rehearsed his experiences and the name of "Sandwich" must have created in the mind of George Fox a peculiar interest when spoken in his presence.

A beacon fire was kindled at this portion of the Cape which burned brightly in the passing years. The atmosphere is filled with memories of the past. The breezes of summer, the rustling leaves, the autumn foliage, the ripening harvests, the blue sky, the rolling ocean, the stormy winds of winter, repeat from year to year the story of the Friends at Sandwich, whose record has been placed upon imperishable tablets.

Address by John H. Dillingham,

of Philadelphia.

It may well be regarded by us as a noteworthy, while a mysterious providence, that this Barnstable county of ours was the door-step for the entering into America of the two sets of pioneers of civil and religious liberty:—our Pilgrim Fathers at Provincetown, where was formed the first written compact of government embodying the germ of our constitution, and the two Quaker preachers landing at the diagonally opposite, or Falmouth corner of the county, who 250 years ago gathered a meeting of the Society of Friends here at Sandwich, a society whose members in the old colony broke, or wore out the arm of religious oppression for our whole country by their non-retaliating sufferings and passive resistance. To these Quakers we owe the final purchase of religious liberty by their blood, to the Provincetown Pilgrims of 11th Mo. 1620, who a month later became the Plymouth colony, we ascribe grateful gains indeed for religious liberty, and especially an effective planting of the principle of democraey.

The present summer and autumn season has been a rare one for our country in its calls upon us for historic commemorations that are more than centennials, but reach up to the double or treble centenary rank. Jamestown is still reminding the world of its settlement of three hundred years ago this year. The land of Gosnold, represented by the Elizabeth Isles and my native town of Falmouth, almost forgot, had it not been reminded by Jamestown, to set up as we did last summer a memorable celebration of its first, but soon unsettled settlement by Bartholomew Gosnold five years earlier than the beginning of Jamestown. Our Cape Cod, so named by Gosnold himself, at its very northern extremity was the scene last summer of the founding of the monument to the Pilgrim Fathers who first landed there, and the celebration was made the more memorable by the oration of the chief magistrate of the country and government to whose constitution those Pilgrims gave the initiative in that very Provincetown harbor, and made President Roosevelt's speech possible. And now, we are assembled to recall a time just fifty summers since Jamestown was

founded, when those two notable pioneers of the Society of Friends in America cultivated its first field. Christopher Holder and John Copeland, being set ashore at the opposite corner of the county, found foothold in Sandwich to become at once our pioneers of the freedom of conscience and the freedom of the Spirit, to sow the seed of the kingdom, which is Christ the inspeaking Word.

I have said that they entered this peninsula by the Falmouth or Woods Hole shore of Vineyard sound, because in the absence of assured information otherwise, I do not see what other course Christopher Holder and John Copeland could have taken, when, compelled to leave Martha's Vineyard island, they were sent across the sound in a canoe paddled by an Indian. The nearest shore was that of Succanessett or Falmouth, and the most direct walk was through the forest to Sandwich. But here in the summer of 1657 they found the beginning of their mission. The field was white already to harvest. Their former pastor, William Leverich, had removed to Long Island. For four years they had been without a stated minister,—a good schooling towards Quakerism. A considerable number were possessed of the conviction that Christians should use their own gifts in the church. The two Friends found a prepared soil. The Master had gone before them into Galilee. The minister told in words what the Seed had been telling their hearts. By the spoken word the thoughts of many hearts were revealed. The Friends held meetings where they best could,—in private houses, as over here by this hill at William Allen's, and as tradition says, over there in the woods in Christopher's Hollow,—which the Society ought now to possess and protect from further desecration. Within that first year of the Friends' visit eighteen families were gathered into the Society of Friends. Eighteen families in Sandwich joined the society ten years before William Penn joined it. As years pass on we hear of sixty families; then of an extension of membership into Yarmouth; then into Falmouth, where a regular meeting was going on in 1685; and by the spreading of Friends, whether from this way or from that, a number of congregations were established on the other side of the bay even unto Rhode Island; and all are comprehended under this one Quarterly Meeting of Sandwich, and to Sandwich some ten congregations still look as their historic centre. Shall their annual pilgrimages to this memorable hill, this mother-home of so many Friends' meetings

over a large county standing as worthy a monument of religious liberty in America, as the Provincetown hill is of civil liberty through the Pilgrims, be now set aside, and hallowed associations that have spelled a witness for truth to our hearts be left in the lurch without even the tribute of an annual visit by a Quarterly Meeting? Shall this Spring Hill, dignified for these two and a half centuries by the savor of the spirits of Holder and Copeland, of William and Ralph Allen, Edward Perry, Thomas Bowman, Daniel Wing, Timothy Davis, David Dudley, Benjamin Percival and patriarchs more than I can catalogue, beside figures of our own memory, like Joseph and Mercy K. Wing, Newell Hoxie, Presbury Wing, Joseph Ewer, Stephen and Elizabeth C. Wing, Lemuel Gifford, though they bore their treasure in earthen vessels, not continue to be a spring of memorial of the planting of truth in these parts, and a stimulus to its continuance in these hearts—hearts which in these our days need a recultivation of the now vanishing sense of veneration, and of reminders to sit as under the wing of ancient goodness?

But sentiment is not religion, though so often made its substitute; nor religion sentiment, though divinely productive of it. Yet sentiments evoked by the high standards of days that are past incite noble days' works in the present and high ideals for the future. Veneration is uplifting, reverence is upbuilding, admiration is a means of grace; but let all these come under the inspiration that is divine, coadjutors of the greater glory of God.

Among the counsellors prominent in our memory who outlived the meridian days of the strength of this monthly meeting, sat that treasure store of information on the history and genealogy of Friends of these parts—that oracle of the doctrines, principles and precedents of the society, Newell Hoxie. When at length his head seat in this meeting had to be vacated for an arm chair at home, he was still resorted to by visitors as a Nestor for advice, and an authority for events of the past. The spots where every house had stood 200 years before, of those families who were first gathered into the Friends' meeting of Spring Hill, were definitely known to him. At one time he said to me, "John, sometimes on a bright Firstday forenoon in the summer when all my Friends are sitting in meeting and I am here alone, I love to look back on those first years of 1657 and onward and trace in my mind's eye the several courses and

pathways through the fields or wood, which those eighteen families each took in wending their way up to meeting. And here in this chair I am wont to travel, as it were, with each of them, and sit down in meeting with them, and feel as if I had been carried back over those two centuries into their reverent waiting upon the Lord." And today also let us discover as never before that the past is not to be made light of more than the present, where it enlarges the heart in sympathy with the hearts of any day or time.

Last summer from one of those spots, even from the cellar of its ancient house of 1637, I traced my course on a Firstday morning for some four miles, perhaps partly where my ancestry walked, up to this same Spring Hill and meeting. Planted by that same cellar of Edward Dillingham's* house, as tradition says, 270 years ago, still stands that tough and hardy pear tree, bearing a vigorous growth of leaves, but hollow enough for me to work my body into the inside of it. Standing there enveloped in so ancient and living a tree, and by the bank of that lovely upper lake, it was turned unto me for an aspiration to have a part in the tree of enduring life that is rooted in the banks of the water of life; and within that symbolic tree my thoughts were well-nigh drawn into a psalm or hymn or spiritual song of the tree and water of life. Over the other side of the lake stood the homestead of another of our primitive families, the ancient house of the Wings, now reverently cared for by my cousin, Asa S. Wing, who was visiting it from Philadelphia. He had gathered into it a large reunion of near relatives from distant homes, whom to the number of fifteen or more, I later found had been wending their way through rural and woodland paths to this meeting house. For three miles on I found their white-robed group of sisters and cousins emerging from the trees, and joining with me the main highway. Representatives of another and general Wing reunion for America, which had been held the week before in Boston, had preceded us into the meeting house. It was found a large meeting, for these times, that had assembled. It became solemnized, and the nature of our mode of worship was acknowledged by several, both visitors and neighbors, and without a doubt realized. Before reaching the meeting it had dawned upon one of us that this summer afforded the 250th anniversary of the founding of the meeting. Such a discovery,

*He was one of the "ten men of Saugus," who began the settlement of Sandwich in 1637.

then finding but momentary expression, as it has grown on us larger and larger would not let us be quiet till we could come together again in some commemoration like this—a commemoration of origins, lest we let them slip. “Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations; ask thy father and he will show thee; thy elders and they will tell thee. For the Lord’s portion is his people.” (Deut. xxxii, 7-9). “And it shall be when thy son asketh thee in time to come, saying, What is this? that thou shalt say unto him, By strength of hand the Lord brought us out from the house of bondage. (Ex. xv, 14.) For he established a testimony and appointed a law which he commanded our fathers, that they should make them known unto their children; who should arise and declare them to their children.” (Ps. lxxviii, 5-6.)

I have sometimes contemplated the possibility of some gifted poet composing a great epic which might be entitled “The Argonauts of the Woodhouse,”—a title not poetic till that which it covers is heard. More highly commissioned than Jason and his companions sailing in the ship *Argo* to a distant shore in search of the golden fleece, did Robert Fowler build by faith his little ship for the Lord’s service, he knew not where, until eleven passengers bound in spirit for America embarked with him, as he wrote, “On my small vessel, the *Woodhouse*, but performed by the Lord like as he did Noah’s ark wherein he shut up a few righteous persons and landed them safe even at the hill *Ararat*.” They sailed in the first day of our sixth month, 1657. Among the eleven voyagers for a more precious than golden fleece, were Christopher Holder and John Copeland, the latter 28 years old. Christopher, 25 years of age, a young man of well-to-do family in England and of estimable culture, had tried to find entrance into Massachusetts the year before. After eleven weeks of harsh imprisonment he and his companions were sent back. Mary Fisher and Anne Austin had likewise been banished but a day or two before Christopher and his friends arrived. So this third Quaker invasion of a year later by Robert Fowler’s vessel, the *Woodhouse*, was the first that succeeded in getting for the Quakers a foothold. The captain’s quaint recital of their voyage could be turned into a wondrous chapter in our contemplated spiritual epic. To use the words of a descendant of Christopher Holder*,

*In that valuable work, “The Holders of Holderness,” by Charles Frederick Holder, LL. D.

"Probably no more remarkable voyage was ever undertaken. The captain had never made an ocean trip before, knew nothing of navigation, confessing in his log that latitude and longitude were disregarded. The ship was sailed by the 'word' which came to the ministers in their daily silent meetings, and as they lost but three days by foul weather, they kept the course with few exceptions."

The vessel was guided to the harbor of New Amsterdam, now called New York, where five of the Friends decided to disembark and begin their ministry. The remaining six proceeded on in the vessel to Newport. Thus having once been rebuffed from Massachusetts at its front door, they found entrance the next year by its back door, Rhode Island, and so on by way of Martha's Vineyard to Sandwich. On Sixth month 12th John Copeland wrote to his parents: "I and Christopher Holder are going to Martha's Vineyard, in obedience to the will of God, which is our joy." Another letter says: "The Lord of hosts is with us, the shout of a king is amongst us. . . . The seed in America shall be as the sands of the sea." Landing at Martha's Vineyard on the 16th, they soon found they were not wanted by "the priest Mayhew," and were taken across the sound. They found Sandwich represented by a collection of log houses. In one of these they found shelter. "Their arrival," says Sewell, "was hailed with feelings of satisfaction by many who were sincere seekers after heavenly riches, but who had long been burdened by a lifeless ministry and dead forms of religion." Theirs were the first meetings held in New England by Quakers. So Christopher, having touched Boston the year before, is denominated "the pioneer Quaker minister in New England." A little later he wrote the first Declaration of the faith of Friends which had appeared, whether in England or in America. A good part of this is still preserved. A synopsis of his ministry of suffering indicates that he spent four years and a half in prisons, three days without food, received some 613 lashes, had his books burned and his right ear cut off, was banished at the age of 28, and died in England, aged 60, not without imprisonments there.

Records of sufferings may be produced of most of the remaining nine, men and women, voyagers of the Woodhouse, in their sowings of the seed of the Friends' doctrine from New Hampshire to the Carolinas. These all were the pioneers, but

we are interested in Sandwich today as the first soil in which the seed got root, and in this Spring Hill, and especially in the old William Allen house, had it not in recent years been taken down, as a house which Amos Otis said "should be regarded by the Friends as their 'Mecca,' and be preserved as a monument of the olden time."

This William Allen, for harboring Friends' Meetings, was fined time after time, till, it is said, he had little left but his house and farm. All his cows being taken away, his neighbors gave him another cow. The sheriff came and took this away, on his continuing to accommodate Quaker meetings; and the last thing the officer could find to take was a brass kettle. "If thou takes this away," said the wife, "there will be nothing that we can have to serve ourselves with food." Yet he took it, and William Allen's wife said: "The time will come when thou wilt have to be served by me with food from this same kettle." And so it proved, for George Barlow passed his latter days as a drunken beggar, many times helped with food at Priscilla Allen's door. William Allen was not the greatest sufferer. "Edward Perry, who was wealthy, a man who had been well educated, the first clerk of the Monthly Meeting, suffered more. Robert Harper had his house and lands and all that he owned taken, and suffered many cruel imprisonments and punishments. Thomas Johnson, a poor weaver, was stripped of all he had." Others, pioneer preachers of Friends' doctrine, were branded, or scourged on their naked backs as they walked at a cart's tail, or were branded with a hot iron.

Strenuous times that try men's souls to their center serve to drive them to lay hold on central truth. They press the honest souls into truth's very life, to know it and to hold it unflinchingly. The 13,562 imprisonments of Friends in England during Christopher Holder's lifetime, the nearly 400 deaths in prison, the distraints and hardships forced at the hands of the reluctant and more merciful town of Sandwich by their government at the north to inflict upon our sons of the morning, disclose to us the fact that "there were giants in those days" *because they believed something*; and then a gigantic faith could stand a gigantic suffering.

And "this is the victory that overcomes the world, even our faith." The Friends by their passive resistance tired out, wore out, and shamed out the arm of persecution and the ordinances that were against them, and by their sufferings

completed the purchase of liberty of conscience for their whole country. The blood of the four martyrs on Boston Common sealed the victory for religious liberty in America.

Whereas, had the Quakers resorted to armed defence or carnal resistance, they would speedily have been wiped out of existence. So, naturally, would the early Christians have been exterminated, had they not in their steady testimony during their first three hundred years, declared: "I am a Christian, and therefore I cannot fight."

If the principles of worship and life, and their essential consequences in practice which were proclaimed and suffered for by our founders in their day are not fundamental truth now, they were not fundamental truth then; and square honesty requires that if we disown their standing as erroneous, we should disown their name from off our shoulders. But if we profess their principles as true, the same honesty requires that we accept their consequences in practice as true.

But this cherishing of outward monuments is not altogether a human weakness. A thread of good runs through all the memorials of good to which men cling. But the Friends are made Friends by a better monument than things that perish; for as the word monument means simply that which brings to remembrance, the dependence of the Friend is on that Spirit whom Christ promised, that He should bring all things to our remembrance, whatsoever He had said unto us, who alone can speak to our condition. The spirit of Christ is the "golden fleece" which clothes the sheep of his pasture. Our voyage of discovery of enduements of the golden fleece from more to more, is our walk of obedience.

I believe that close adherence to the same principle that built us up as a religious society, to be a light in the world as in the former days, is the only principle that can rebuild the society,—I mean, on which the Head of the church would rebuild it,—namely, simple and uncalculating "conformity to the immediate and perceptible influence of the Spirit of Truth in the heart." That which made Quakers can remake them. Complaining that by neglecting this the Society of Friends has become something else, or been reduced to a handful, will not reproduce it. And so we can best commend ourselves to "the word of his grace which is able to build us up."

Accordingly we have not come all this distance to preach the funeral sermon of a quarterly, or of a monthly, meeting of

the Society of Friends. But whatever may become of these, or even should they become nullifiers of the principles for which the first monthly meeting was planted, it were impossible to preach the funeral sermon of Quakerism itself. That must live so long as the Holy Spirit lives among men. For that is what Quakerism is—yesterday, today and forever—obedience to the movings of the Spirit of Truth. It began when first the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and said, “Let there be light!” And there was light, because there was obedience. Light itself is a mode of motion in that upon which the spirit of life moved and moves—the ethereal fluid in its special vibrations trembling at the word of the Lord. And the spirit that is in man, which George Fox called upon to “tremble at the word of the Lord,” gets the light of its vibrations by that same obedience which is so appropriately called Quakerism. And while we never welcomed the name, yet the scoffers who caught up that expression of George Fox to dub us “Quakers” only adorned us, and “builded better than they knew.” Trembling and moving at the inspeaking word of the Lord, the spirits of Quakers of his word have been made illuminants and electrifiers “in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation among whom they shone as lights in the world, holding forth the word of truth;” all this being comprehended in the gospel experience, that “God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.” Organizations I say, may perish or assume other forms, but Quakerism will never die so long as “there is a spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding,” which they obediently apply to the duties of their day.

Christopher Holder!!—let each one of us be just that—Christ-bearer, Christ-holder! and the restoration of Quakerism in its own Society is assured. “He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.”

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